AN EPISTLE TO THE Right Honourable CHARLES EARL of *DORSET* and *MIDDLESEX*, Lord Chamberlain OF HIS Majesties Houshold.

LICENSED *Sept.* 26.

J. Fraser.

LONDON,
Printed for *Francis Saunders*, at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1690.

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AN EPISTLE TO MY Lord Chamberlain.

WHat? ſhall the King the Nation's Genius raiſe,
And make us Rival our great *Edward*'s Days;
Yet not one Muſe, worthy a Conq'ror's Name,
Attend his Triumphs, and Record his Fame?
Oh, *Dorſet!* You alone this Fault can mend,
The Muſes Darling, Confident, and Friend!
The Poets are your Charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhould be fin'd to furniſh abler Wit;
Oblig'd to quit your Eaſe, and draw agen,
To paint the Greateſt Heroe, the Beſt Pen.

A Heroe, who thus early does out-ſhine
The Ancient Honours of his Glorious Line;
And, ſoaring more ſublimely to Renown,
The Mem'ry of their pious Triumphs drown:
Whoſe Actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,
As Types, and Figures of His greater Name.

When Fate ſome mighty Genius has deſign'd,
For the Relief, and Wonder of Mankind,
Nature takes Time to anſwer the Intent,
And climbs, by ſlow Degrees, the ſteep Aſcent:
She toils, and labours with the growing Weight,
And watches carefully the Steps of Fate;
Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,
To ſet the Heroe in a happy Light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious Hour,
Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.

In *Naſſaw*'s Race ſhe made this long Eſſay:
Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,
And promis'd, in their Dawn, this brighter Day:
A Publick Sp'rit diſtinguiſh'd all the Line,
Succeſſive Vertues in each Branch did ſhine,
Till this laſt Glory roſe, and Crown'd the Great Deſign.

Bleſt be his Name! and peaceful lie his Grave,
Who durſt his Native Soil, loſt *Holland*, ſave!
But *William*'s Genius takes a wider Scope,
And gives the injur'd, in All Kingdoms, Hope:
Born to ſubdue inſulting Tyrants Rage,
The Ornament, and Terrour, of the Age;

The Refuge, where afflicted Nations find
Relief from thoſe Oppreſſors of Mankind,
Whom Laws reſtrain not, and no Oaths can bind.
Him their Deliv'rer *Europe* does confeſs,
All Tongues extol, and all Religions bleſs;
The *Po*, the *Danube*, *Bætis*, and the *Rhine*,
United in his Praiſe their Wonder join:
While, in the Publick Cauſe, he takes the Field,
And ſhelter'd Nations fight behind his Shield.

His Foes themſelves dare not Applauſe refuſe;
And ſhall ſuch Actions want a faithful Muſe?
Poets have this to boaſt; Without their Aid,
The freſheſt Lawrels, nipp'd by Malice, Fade,
And Vertue to Oblivion is betray'd:
The proudeſt Honours have a narrow Date,
Unleſs they vindicate their Names from Fate.

But who is equal to ſuſtain the Part;
D----n has Numbers, but he wants a Heart;
Enjoyn'd a Penance (which is too ſevere
For playing once the Fool) to Perſevere.
Others, who knew the Trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.

How, Sir! can you, or any *Engliſh* Muſe,
Our Countrey's Fame, our Monarch's Arms, refuſe?

'Tis not my Want of Gratitude, but Skill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfill:
I cannot ſing of Conqueſts, as I ought,
And my Breath fails to ſwell a lofty Note.
I know my Compaſs, and my Muſe's Size,
She loves to Sport and Play, but dares not Riſe;
Idly affects, in this Familiar Way,
In eaſie Numbers looſely to convey,
What Mutual Friendſhip woul'd at Diſtance ſay.

Poets aſſume another Tone and Voice,
When Victory's their Theam, and Arms their Choice;
To follow Heroes, in the Chace of Fame,
Asks Force, and Heat, and Fancy, wing'd with Flame.
What Words can paint the Royal Warrior's Face?
What Colours can the Figure boldly raiſe?
When, cover'd o'er with comely Duſt and Smoke,
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickeſt Squadrons broke?
His bleeding Arm, ſtill painful with the Sore,
Which, in his Peoples Cauſe, the Pious Father bore:
Whom, clearing through the Troops a Glorious Way,
Not the united Force of *France*, and Hell, cou'd ſtay.

Oh,

Oh, *Dorſet*! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
And, if my Strength could anſwer my Deſire,
In ſpeaking Paint this Figure ſhould be ſeen
Like *Jove* his Grandeur, and like *Mars* his Mien;
And Gods deſcending ſhould adorn the Scene.

See, See! Upon the Bank of *Boyne* he ſtands,
By his own View adjuſting his Commands,
Calm and ſerene the Armed Coaſt ſurveys,
And, in cool Thoughts, the diff'rent Chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Reſolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.
From Wing to Wing the Squadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their Ranks to meet their King's Command;
The Drums and Trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly Noiſe
Of neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
Suſpended in Attention, baniſh far
All Hoſtile Sounds, and hush the Dinn of War:
The ſilent Troops ſtretch forth an eager Look,
Liſt'ning with Joy, while thus their Gen'ral ſpoke.

* Come, Fellow-Soldiers, Follow me once more,
And fixt the Fate of *Europe* on that Shore;
Your Courage only waits from me the Word,
But *England*'s Happineſs commands my Sword:

In Her Defence I ev'ry Part will bear,
The Soldier's Danger, and the Prince's Care,
And envy any Arm an equal Share.
Set all that's dear to Men before your Sight,
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fight;
To ſave your Wives from Rape, your Towns from Flame,
Redeem your Country ſold, and vindicate her Name:
At whoſe Requeſt and timely Call I roſe,
To tempt my Fate, and all my Hopes expoſe;
Struggled with adverſe Storms, and Winter-Seas,
That in my Labours you might find your Eaſe.
Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,
And write the empty Triumphs of their War,
In lazy Palaces ſupinely Ruſt;
My Sword ſhall juſtifie my Peoples Truſt.
For which----- But I your Victory delay;
Come on, I, and my Genius lead the way.

He ſaid. New Life and Joy ran through the Hoſt,
And ſenſe of Danger in their Wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men, withſtood.
The KING leads on, the KING does all inflame,
The KING ----- and carries Millions in the Name.

As when the ſwelling Ocean burſts his Bounds;
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighb'ring Grounds,
The roaring Deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps Cities in its Courſe, and bears whole Foreſts down
So on the Foe the firm Battalions preſt,
And he, like the Tenth Wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, Gallant, Young, he ſhot thrô ev'ry Place,
Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace,
He hung upon their Rear, or lighten'd in their Face.

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! Allay that Gen'rous Flame
Enough is giv'n to *England*, and to Fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the Centre ſtand,
Europe's divided Int'reſts you command,
All their Deſigns uniting in your hand:
Down from your Throne deſcends the Golden Chain,
Which does the Fabrick of our World ſuſtain;
That once diſſolv'd by any Fatal Stroke,
The Scheme of all our Happineſs is broke.

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! Fleets may repair again,
And routed Armies rally on the Plain;
But Ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo Great a Man!
Hear, how the Waves of *French* Ambition roar,
Diſdaining Bounds, and breaking on the Shore,
Ordain'd by you to curb their wild-deſtructive Pow'r,
That Strength remov'd; Again, Again, they flow,
Lay *Europe* waſte, nor Laws, nor Limits know.

Stop! ſtop! brave Prince! --- what does your Muſe, Sir, (faint?
Proceed, Purſue his Conqueſts--- Faith, I can't:
My Spirits ſhrink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and Fury carryd me thus far
Tranſported and Amaz'd.
That Rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your Flights, your Energies, and Tragic Strain,
But fall back to my Nat'ral Pace again;
In humble Verſe provoking you to Rhime,
I wiſh there were more *Dorſets* at this Time.

Oh! if in *France* this Heroe had been born;
What Glittering Tinſel wou'd His Acts adorn!
There 'tis Immortal Fame, and High Renown,
To Steal a Country, and to Buy a Town:
Their Triumphs are o'er Kings and Kingdoms ſold,
And Captive Vertue led in Chains of Gold.
If Courage cou'd, like Courts, be kept in Pay,
What Summs wou'd *Lovis* give, That *France* might ſay,
That Victory follow'd where He led the Way?
He all his Conqueſts wou'd for this refound,
And take th' Equivalent, a Glorious Wound.
Then, what Advice, to ſpread his real Fame,
Wou'd paſs between *Verſailles* and *Notredame*?

Their

Their Plays, their Songs, wou'd dwell upon his Wound,
And Opera's repeat no other Sound;
Boyne wou'd for Ages be the Painter's Theam,
The Goblin's Labour, and the Poet's Dream;
The wounded Arm wou'd furniſh all their Rooms,
And bleed for ever Scarlet in the Looms:
Boileau wou'd plume with this his Artful Pen.
And can your Muſe be ſilent? Think agen.

Spare your Advice; And, ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own Deſign, the Work is done.

Done! Nothing's Done! Not the Dead Colours laid,
And the moſt Glorious Scenes ſtand undiſplay'd.
A Thouſand Gen'rous Actions cloſe the Rear;
A Thouſand Vertues, ſtill behind, ſtand crowding to appear

The QUEEN her ſelf, the charming QUEEN ſhou'd grace
The Noble Piece, and, in an Artful Place,
Soften War's Horror with her lovely Face.
Who can omit the QUEEN's auſpicious Smile,
The Pride of the Fair Sex, the Goddeſs of our Iſle?
Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
Her Fears for Him, her Prudence for the State?
Diſſembling Cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her Looks with Grace,
Doubts in her Heart, and Pleaſure in her Face.

As

As Danger did approach, her Spirits roſe,
And, putting on the King, diſmay'd his Foes.
Now, all in Joy, ſhe gilds the chearful Court,
In ev'ry Glance deſcending Angels ſport.
As on the Hills of *Cynthus*, or the Meads
Of cool *Eurotas*, when *Diana* leads
The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A Thouſand ſhining Maids, and form the Dance:
The ſtately Goddeſs, with a graceful Pride,
Sweet and Majeſtic, does the Figure guide;
Treading in juſt and eaſie Meaſures round
(The ſilver Arrows on her Shoulder ſound)
She walks above them All. Such is the Scene
Of the Bright Circle, and the Brighter QUEEN.

Theſe Subjects do, my Lord, your Skill command,
Theſe none may touch with an Unhallow'd Hand:
Tender the Stroaks muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd Encomiums muſt be hid in Wit,
Which Modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit;
Who made no other Steps to ſuch a Throne,
But to Deſerve, and to Receive, the Crown.

THE Life of *Alexander* the Great, written in Latin by *Quintus Curtius*, tranſlated into Engliſh by ſeveral Hands, and now Dedicated to the QUEEN. By *N. Tate*.

131742